1679

AN ADDRESS TO *HIBERNIA.*

1761

AN

ADDRESS

TO

HIBERNIA,

On the late most happy Dissolution of that dread JUNTO,

The *Legion Club.*

K

By *PATRIOT FREEMAN*, Esq;

Hoc fonte derivata Cleodes
In Patriam populumque fluxit.

DUBLIN:
Written and printed in the Year 1761.

Advertisement.

To the READER.

THE following Poem was written by a Native of this Kingdom, and a Freeholder of, at least, not the meanest Rank; his Intention in writing, and now publishing it, was to revive (if possible) that noble Ardour for Liberty and Patriot Spirit which seems to be either entirely extinguished, or very near expiring in the Breasts of his unhappy Countrymen.

That he had neither Applause or Emolument in View is evident, since he has used every Precaution requisite, to conceal his Name and Connexions from the Publick; nor does the Printer know whom to deem himself obliged to, should this Piece redound either to his Credit or Profit.

The judicious Reader will perceive that the Author made Dean SWIFT'*s celebrated* Legion Club, *the Foundation for the following Piece; that great Genius did not live to finish his Poem, yet even in its present imperfect State, he does not presume to place this indifferent Performance in Competition with it; he has, however, endeavoured to immitate his Manner and Spirit, without servily borrowing from him; how far he*

 has

has succeeded, the Publick must, and will be impartial Judges; and though they may think ill of the Performance, yet he flatters himself they will not have the same Opinion of his Intention, since confident of its own Integrity, his Heart encourages him to stand in Competition with even that never to be equalled Genius the Dean, in the Sincerity of his Zeal, and Affection for his Country.

AN

AN ADDRESS TO *HIBERNIA.*

SING *Hibernia* round thy ſhore,
O ſing! for *Legion* is no more;
Legion, whom the immortal DEAN
Did once deſcribe in matchleſs ſtrain!
---What, *Legion* forc'd to yield to fate?
I'll never believe, let who will ſay't;
The ſcriptures then, who can defend,
Which ſay that D--v--ls ne'er can end?
---Tho' ſtrange it ſeems, yet I tell true,
Fate hath ſubdu'd the vile hell crew;
Their hour was come, and one great fall
Firſt cruſht, and then deſtroy'd them all;
The word our patriot monarch ſpoke,
Which ſoon th' infernal Junto broke.
Bleſſings may that head ſurround,
Which ſtruck thoſe traitors to the ground!
There confounded may they ſtill lie,
The ſcorn of all poſterity:

And may that hatred ſtill remain,
For their baſe thirty three years reign;
Dread ſpace! in which thoſe tyrants bold,
A faithful people baſely ſold;
For gold did with their freedom part,
And ſtabb'd *Hibernia* to the heart.

Th' *Egyptians* once, the ſcripture ſays,
God did afflict in ſundry ways;
And puniſh'd, with ſore plagues their land,
Until they bow'd beneath his hand;
Their crime it too on record leaves,
They dar'd to make his people ſlaves;
By taſk-maſters they them oppreſt,
Becauſe they were by Heaven bleſt;
But, with ten plagues, he made them know,
They ſhoul not treat free people ſo:
To *Legion* Heav'n none of them ſpare,
And that each fiend may have his ſhare;
Not with thoſe ten thy vengeance end,
But thirty times more plagues them ſend!
Since in oppreſſion they excel
All that we even of *Egypt* tell.

Perhaps, good reader, all this time,
Yo cannot gueſs what means my rhime;
If you ne'er read the works of SWIFT,
In truth you may miſtake my drift;
Since own I muſt,--- this word *Legion*,
Is quite foreign to our region;

Hark

Hark in your ear---don't give it vent,
It means the laſt baſe ------!
And I hope to ſhew you truly,
That this name was giv'n them duly.

In St. MARK's goſpel you may read,
(Chapter the fifth) of this ſame breed,
How then, man! they took their ſeat,
Tho' now they're come to rule a ſt---e.
Many they were in days of yore,
Perhaps *three hundred*, or ſome more;
The ſame in numbers they remain,
And hence this epithet they gain;
But thoſe (we read) by pow'r divine,
Were all converted into ſwine.
Theſe eke are ſeen in the ſame plight,
And hence in dirty work delight;
But thoſe were drowned in the ſea,
Good Heaven grant theſe likewiſe may!
For tho' diſſolv'd, ſome life remains,
And ſtill they crawl about our plains.
Still they infeſt this bleeding land,
Still ſeek to gain their loſt command;
Still cringe and fawn, ſtill vow and curſe,
Still lye, and treat, and---do what's worſe;
And with each helliſh art, ſtill ſtrive,
In hopes they may once more revive;
Once more regain their boundleſs ſway,
To tyranize, or to betray;

Or frame dull acts, the laws disgrace,
Or pawn their freedom for a pl---ce;
Or charm'd by that d--mn'd invention,
Sell their conscience for a p--n--n;
For which they eagerly resort,
To haughty B----'s venal C----rt.

But hold!---O muse, let's stop a while,
Within this proud and r----l pile;
Observe with care, those that here dwell,
Whilst I their schemes and bus'ness tell.

The v---ce r---y first, observe, I pray!
Who comes to steal our wealth away;
Who bullies and cajoles us round,
Then gets three hundred thousand pound,
With which he marches off, and whoops,
Calling the *Legion* silly dupes:
Oh! that the paultry *French* once more
Would land some starv'd ones on our shore:
Then he'd betray his head and heart,
And once more act the coward's part;
Then--- (I'll speak, for my tongue itches),
He would once more besh---t his breeches.
See next his gr----ce's s---c---ry,
Ready each wicked scheme to carry;
As true a *Scribe* is that same D---CK,
As e'er was guided by old NICK.

Come now, let us the levy view;
Attend, good muſe, I'll paint them true.
See firſt ------, that empty fool,
His gr----ce's engine and his tool;
See what baſe pride his looks expreſs;
Still vain of his ill-pen'd addreſs;
Tho' void of conduct, or of ſenſe,
He pants for name of excellence.

Old ------N ſee! who heretofore,
The name of honeſt ROGER bore;
But he, whilſt at the *Legion*'s ſteerage,
Betray'd his country for a p---age;
Nay, ſaith the muſe, 'was more, I hear,
He got two thouſand pounds a year.

Cloſe by him ſtands the great M---NE *,
---Why gave the muſe ſo deep a groan:
It grieves me to the heart, indeed,
That he ſhould make *Hibernia* bleed;
And all his matchleſs parts employ,
His native country to deſtroy;
Surely he values not diſgrace,
Or he'd ne'er change for ſuch a place.

Obſerve that factious ſon of party,
Who to no ſide was true, or hearty;
That is ------, the vile ------r,
For ſome new bribe he ſtands petitioner;

He'd

* A late occurence pleads ſtrongly for a ſuppreſſion of this and the preceding paragraph, which ſhould be expunged had we the author's permiſſion.

He'd ſell his country, ſoul and fame;
A pl---ce and pen---n all his aim.

See where ſome -----tes pay devotion,
Not to Heaven, but to promotion;
Seeking to change their ſ--s for others
They've fill'd up with their ſons and brothers;
Saith muſe, know you my virtuous S--NGE,
He'd ſcorn to do ſo vile a thing;
I know him not, yet oft have heard
ELP--N thro' all the church rever'd.
Hibernia's cauſe, free from mean ends,
And his religion, he defends;
Will ne'er ſee merit in diſgrace,
Nor crowds the church with his own race.
Some few ſuch pr--l--tes I could name,
But they're beſide my preſent theme.

See how thoſe half-ſtarv'd chaplains crowd,
With looks ſo infolent and proud;
Striving to puſh, with all their might,
The native clergy from their right;
Tho' they in all things are their betters,
In birth, in conduct, and in letters;
But doom'd to act in curates ſphere,
Whilſt theſe, the church's plunder ſhare.
Oh! hapleſs church, by fate decreed,
Such ſecundrel ſycophants to feed.

We next may with deep ſorrow view
An hungry, plundering, ſaucy crew,
Of pages, aid-de-camps, and imps;
Of ſpies, informers, and of pimps;
Daily imported to our coaſts,
To fill up all the vacant poſts:
By heav'n, no more for places meant
Than baſe ------ for p--m--t;
Than footman's ſon for c---l b---rd,
Or th' upſtart brewer's for a -----;
Than ----T the tr---y to rule,
Or cunning ------R for a fool;
That old Fox, who his rage ſmothers,
Caught in the trap he laid for others.

Now ſee what various ſchemes abound,
To pilfer, cheat, and ſtrip us round;
Thoſe venal ſhops which SATAN haunts,
And fills with patents, fees, and grants.
Here (as JUGURTHA of *Rome* thought)
This wretched country may be bought;
Here all's expos'd to ſale, of late,
The church, the army, and the ſtate.
SATAN might have all in a trice,
Had he but caſh to pay the price;
Or if his ſable paw he'd ſet
On what he B---D taught to get:
Here (as we read in *Jewiſh* ſtate)
The money changers fill the gate;

God's holy ſabbath they profane
With uſury, and love of gain:
And here, O JUSTICE, ſacred maid!
Thy beauteous form we ſee diſplay'd;
Ev'n here have they thy ſtatue plac'd,
And with it their vile dwellings grac'd:
Juſt ſo in cities, oft we meet,
At the worſt brothels in the ſtreet,
An angel, plac'd juſt o'er the door,
To guide the leach'rous to an whore.

But why, O muſe! ſhould we purſue
With our attention, this vile crew;
We from our theme moſt wide are ſtray'd;
That's true, reply'd the heav'nly maid:
The *Legion* is our proper theme,
But firſt a wiſh thoſe wretches claim,
And that I'll give with all my heart,
Then liſt, whilſt I it thus impart.

" Oh that an *Indian* hurricane,
" Mixt with light'ning and with rain,
" Would thunder down on ev'ry head,
" And ſtrike theſe impious villains dead,
" Then bury them beneath the ground,
" That neither place nor name be found!

Have patience, muſe! you need not fear,
They'll get their merits---you know where.

Now

Now to our theme; 'tis here, you know,
That ev'ry morn did *Legion* go;
Here came they to attend the farce,
And thruſt their noſe in B---D's a--e;
Then if his gr---ce but let a f---t,
A panick ſtruck them to the heart;
Or if he once but pleas'd to frown,
Upon their knees they tumbled down;
Then got their orders for the day,
Which moſt implicitly th' obey;
All ſneaking off, as mute as mice,
To do the bus'neſs in a trice;
Then thank great ----- our protector,
Who ſent us over ſuch an hector,
For which they were well promiſe cramm'd,
The ſame reward hell gives the damn'd.
Thus were they ſtill miſchief brewing,
Still working out their own undoing:
And now their taſk was juſt complete,
Now near approach'd *Hibernia*'s fate,
When Heav'n did her cauſe defend,
By bringing *Legion* to an end.

Smile then, O fair *Hibernia*, ſmile;
Exult thou Heav'n protected iſle!
Now, bid thy free-born ſons rejoice,
And bid them weigh their future choice;
Tell them this is the happy hour,
That veſts them all with freedom's pow'r;

And if they don't of it avail,
They'll ſlav'ry on their race entail.
Tell them that *Legion* oft betray'd
Their ſacred rights, diſcourag'd trade,
That juſtice they did violate,
And made us a dependant ſtate;
And tell them what old hiſt'ry ſays
Of that fam'd patriot HERCULES,
Who, with undaunted breaſt, did ſtand
'Gainſt monſters, which deſtroy'd the land:
Full many he brought to the ground,
But one he much more dreadful found;
Becauſe ſo many heads it wore,
The thoughts of which diſtreſs'd him ſore,
For when he lopped off one head,
Ten others roſe up in its ſtead.
An emblem this of *Legion* true,
For if one of this hell-born crew,
From fate ſhould meet his dreadful doom,
Another ſtraight came in his room,
Who when he 'midſt the ſet was plac'd,
Would have ten times his faults at leaſt:
Then ſince ſo difficult 'tis known,
To ſlay theſe monſters when they're grown,
Bid thy free ſons ne'er fill one place
With any of th' infectious race.

When *Athens* was both great and free,
It met the ſelf ſame fate with thee;

A ſiſter ſtate too pow'rful grown,
Rais'd thirty tyrants of its own,
Ready corrupted to their hand,
Then left them to oppreſs the land;
And well their taſk they ſet about,
Till *Athens* roſe and drove them out.
Ten times their number here did reign;
Ten times as long their pow'r maintain;
And ſince kind heav'n hath freed the ſtate,
Let them no more regain their ſeat.
Ne'er, *Hibernia!* let it be ſaid,
Thy ſons have freedom's cauſe betray'd;
Let not the pooreſt ſell himſelf,
Or his fair liberty, for pelf,
Nor to his children have it told,
He made them ſlaves thro' love of gold:
Better is want, and liberty,
Than lord of boundleſs wealth to be;
And he goes nobly to his grave,
Who freedom to his ſons can leave.

Go then! unbiaſs'd, give your voice,
No country wants an ample choice;
Select ſuch men as I ſhall note,
An H--TCH--N deſerves your vote;
Bravely he'll ſtand in your defence,
With all the pow'r of eloquence;
His country's cauſe he ne'er will quit,
But immitate th' immortal PITT.

A L--C--S next deſerves your care;
What wrongs did he from *Legion* bear?
An exile made to foreign land,
Becauſe he dar'd for freedom ſtand.
To P--RY you may truſt your cauſe,
He ſurely muſt defend your laws.

On P--NS--BY once more depend,
He'll prove a patriot in the end;
In c--n--l late thy friend was he,
And all his friends, were friends to thee.

I could yet name perhaps a ſcore,
Who faithful were to thee before,
On ſuch you may your cauſe confide,
And others, tho' as yet untry'd,
Who ſhew attention to thy weal,
A ſoul reſolv'd, and patriot zeal;
Who with unſully'd faith engage
To ſtop a future *Legion's* rage;
Whoſe fortunes (free from loaded debt)
Above a bribe or p--nſ--n ſet;
Who will not ſap the conſtitution,
Nor dread a ſpeedy diſſolution;
Who ne'er will join to load the nation,
But wiſh to limit their duration.

If ſuch thy ſons ſelect with care,
Hibernia long ſhall freedom ſhare:

Then

Then peace and plenty, ſiſter bright,
Shall in this happy realm delight:
Then trade and arts ſhall come once more,
And viſit our deſerted ſhore.
What bliſsful days thy ſons ſhall know,
Thro' diſtant realms their fame ſhall go.
What glory will thy ſenate find,
The pride and wonder of mankind.
Britannia's ſons of thee ſhall boaſt,
And come to viſit thy free coaſt;
Such virtue will each muſe engage
To praiſe them, in ſome future age.

But if theſe new elected can
Thy cauſe betray, (as who knows man)
If e'er thy intereſt they diſclaim,
Thro' luxury, or love of gain,
Or if they yield to haughty pow'r,
May heav'n on them its vengeance ſhow'r,
And may their names, than *Legion* be
More odious to poſterity.

F I N I S.